

Guide to Life.

No. XXII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844.

Price 1½d.



THE POLKA SONG.

Dedicated to the presiding Goddesses of Almack's and Hanover Square Rooms.

Florence! wilt thou dance the Polka?
 Prithee do, prithee do;
 While we rest we'll have a talk a-
 Bout things new!
 'Tis the PRINCE of other dances,
 Fostered by a genial RAE;
 Teaching eyes, to look in glances,
 What lips must never say.
 Florence! come, and dance the Polka,
 Prithee do, prithee do;
 When you're wearied we will walk a
 Dull, ungraceful quadrille through!
 Florence, come, and dance the Polka!
 As it shows thy graceful form;
 Vainly may dull grey-beards talk a-
 Bout their wonder it should charm;
 'Tis a perfect dream, elysian,
 A delusion of the toes;
 'Tis a fairy tinted vision,
 Such as JIM CROW seldom knows!
 Whisking, twirling, prancing, glancing—
 Eyes and hearts in union meet;
 Oh! beyond the bard's romancing
 Are the Polka's movements fleet!
 Then, Florence! come and dance the Polka!
 As it shows thy graceful form!
 Vainly may dull sages talk a-
 Bout their wonder it should charm!—*Puck.*

SAD STORY OF REAL LIFE.—After the fatal *esclandre* which the princess had made, the prince sent for Weissenborn, and binding him by the most solemn adjuration to secrecy (he only broke it to his wife many years after; indeed there is no secret in the world that women cannot know if they will), despatched him on the following mysterious commission: "There lives," said his highness, "on the Kehl side of the river, opposite to Strasbourg, a man whose residence you will easily find out from his name, which is *Monsieur de Strasbourg*. You will make your enquiries concerning him quietly, and without occasioning any remark; perhaps you had better go into Strasbourg for the purpose, where the person is quite well known. You will take with you any comrade on whom you can perfectly rely; the lives of both, remember, depend on your secrecy. You will find out some period when *Monsieur de Strasbourg* is alone, or only in company of the domestic who lives with him (I myself visited the man by accident on my return from Paris five years since, and hence am induced to send for him now, in my present emergency). You will have your carriage waiting at his door at night; and you and your comrade will enter his house masked, and present him with a purse of a hundred louis, promising him double that sum on his return from his expedition. If he refuse, you must use force and bring him, menacing him with instant death should he decline to follow you. You will place him in the carriage with the blinds drawn, one or other of you never losing sight of him the whole way, and threatening him with death if he discover himself or cry out. You will lodge him in the old Owl Tower here, where a room shall be prepared for him; and his work being done, you will restore him to his home in the same speed and secrecy with which you brought him from it." Such were the mysterious orders Prince Victor gave his page; and Weissenborn, selecting for his comrade in the expedition Lieutenant Bartenstein, set out on his strange journey.

All this while the palace was hushed as if in mourning, the bulletins in the *Court Gazette* appeared announcing the continuance of the Princess's malady; and though she had but few attendants, strange and circumstantial stories were told regarding the progress of her complaint. She was quite wild. She had tried to kill herself. She had fancied herself to be I don't know how many different characters. Expresses were sent to her family, informing them of her state, and couriers despatched publicly to Vienna and Paris to procure the attendance of physicians skilled in treating diseases of the brain. That pretended anxiety was all a feint, it was never intended that the princess should recover. The day on which Weissenborn and Bartenstein returned from their expedition, it was announced that her highness the princess was much worse; that night the report through the town was, that she was at the agony, and that night the unfortunate creature was endeavouring to make her escape.

She had unlimited confidence in the French chamber-woman who attended her, and between her and this woman the plan of escape was arranged. The princess took her jewels in a casket; a private door, opening from one of her rooms and leading into the outer gate, it was said, of the palace, was discovered for her; and a letter was brought to her, purporting to be from the duke her father-in-law, and stating that a carriage and horses had been provided, and would take her to B—,

the territory where she might communicate with her family and be safe. The unhappy lady confiding in her guardian, set out on her expedition. The passages wound through the walls of the modern part of the palace, and abutted in effect at the old Owl Tower, as it was called, on the outer wall; the tower was pulled down afterwards, and for good reason.

At a certain place the candle, which the chamber-woman was carrying, went out; and the princess would have screamed with terror, but her hand was seized, and a voice cried, "Hush!" and the next minute a man in a mask (it was the duke himself) rushed forward, gagged her with a handkerchief, her hands and legs were bound, and she was carried swooning with terror into a vaulted room, where she was placed by a person there waiting, and tied in an arm chair. The same mask who had gagged her came and bared her neck, and said, "It had best be done now she has fainted."

Perhaps it would have been as well; for though she recovered from her swoon, and her confessor who was present, came forward and endeavoured to prepare her for the awful deed which was about to be done upon her, and for the state into which she was about to enter; when she came to herself it was only to scream like a maniac, to curse the duke as a butcher and tyrant, and to call upon Magny, her dear Magny. At this the duke said, quite calmly, "May God have mercy on her sinful soul!" He, the confessor, and Geldern, who were present, went down on their knees; and, as his highness dropped his handkerchief, Weissenborn fell down in a fainting fit, while *Monsieur de Strasbourg*, taking the back hair in his hand, separated the shrieking head of Amalia from the miserable sinful body. May Heaven have mercy upon her soul! *Fraser's Magazine* for June.

BYRON'S STATUE BY THORWALSDEN.—A case of an extraordinary nature, and in which the names of two of the greatest characters of the age will figure, is about to be brought before the London tribunals. Thorwaldsen, as it is well known, had executed a colossal statue of Lord Byron, which he considered as one of his best works, and presented it to the Chapter of Westminster, on condition of its being placed in that cathedral beside the monuments of other poets. The Chapter at first accepted the offer, but it is equally well known that some scruples were raised afterwards against placing the author of *Don Juan* in this national mausoleum; and the case containing the precious marble was never claimed by the chapter. The testamentary executor of Thorwaldsen being informed of this state of things, made some inquiries, and the masterpiece of Thorwaldsen was found lying on the floor of a cellar in a state of extreme deterioration, amongst the fragments of the case, which the humidity of the place had reduced to a state of perfect rotteness. Consequently, a person duly authorized by the executor addressed a formal reclamation to the authorities, but when the Custom-house officers went with him to the cellar, it was found that the statue had disappeared, and nothing but fragments of the case remained behind. The executors then addressed to the Custom-house a demand or indemnity. This, however, was refused, under the plea that it cannot be answerable for goods refused by the parties to whom they are addressed, and that such goods remain in their stores solely at the expense and risk of those to whom they belong. At this stage, in fine, the executors have resolved on bringing an action for damages against the Custom-house of London. The sum claimed is £30,000 (750,000*f.*), at which the statue was valued by the artists of Rome on its being shipped to London.—*Morning Chronicle.*

GIGANTIC RAILWAY PLAN IN RUSSIA.—It cannot be our intention on the present occasion to dilate on the effects which the origination of plans in the head of one single individual may have if compared with those which may spring up, as it were, out of the will of a whole nation; suffice to say, that many of the administrative plans executed in Russia owe their origin to the mind and will of the Emperor. From this and other reasons, most plans of this kind are kept secret, and the news of their being contemplated reaches us at times, at the period of their very execution. The plan of which we speak is said to have been conceived by the Emperor, who himself drew up its first outlines. We allude to the project of connecting St. Petersburg, by means of a gigantic railway, with Odessa and the shores of the Black Sea. The line, which would extend to the astounding length of 1,000 miles, has to pass over Ostrow, Witpsk, Nogatsief, Kiew, and Balta—an undertaking unparalleled in ancient and modern history. It has often been argued that the extent of the Russian empire is too great, that its capital lies too far north, and that even the northern and southern parts of the empire are of too heterogeneous a nature, preventing any real political or social amalgamation. These assertions are incontrovertible, and may have suggested to the Monarch the great idea to connect the opposite poles of his great empire by this endless, as it were, line of road. It is stated, in fine, that the immense sums required for such an undertaking are to be raised by a foreign loan, the guaranteed interest of which, however, is to be less than five per cent.—*Morning Advertiser.*

The price of gas is to be reduced from the 30th inst. to 7*s.* per 1000 cubic feet by the leading gas companies in London.—*Standard.*

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
(Continued from our last, page 163.)

The third character I played, was *Statura*, in *Alexander the Great*. Mr. Lacey, then one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, was the hero of the night, and the part of *Roxana* was performed by Mrs. Melmoth. Again I was received with an *éclat* that gratified my vanity. My dress was white and blue, made after the Persian costume; and though it was then singular on the stage, I wore neither a hoop nor powder; my feet were bound by sandals richly ornamented: and the whole dress was picturesque and characteristic.

Though I was always received with the most flattering approbation, the characters in which I was most popular were *Ophelia*, *Juliet*, and *Rosalind*. *Palmira* was also one of my most approved representations. The last character which I played was *Sir Harry Revel*, in *Lady Craven's* comedy of *The Miniature Picture*; and the epilogue song in *The Irish Widow* was my last farewell to the labour of my profession.

Mr. Sheridan now informed me, he wished that I would accustom myself to appear in comedy; because tragedy seemed evidently, as well as my *forte*, to be my preference. At the same time he acquainted me that he wished me to perform a part in *The School for Scandal*. I was now so unshaped by my increasing size, that I made many excuses, informing Mr. Sheridan, that probably I should be confined to my chamber at the period when his since celebrated play would first make its appearance. He accepted the apology, and in a short time I gave to the world my second child, *Sophia*. I now resided in Southampton Street, Covent Garden.

Previous to this event I had my benefit night, on which I performed the part of *Fanny* in *The Clandestine Marriage*. Mr. King, the Lord Ogilby; Miss Pope, Miss Sterling; and Mrs. Heidelbergh, Mrs. Hopkins.

Mr. Sheridan's attentions to me were unremitting: he took pleasure in promoting my consequence at the theatre; he praised my talents, and he interested himself in my domestic comforts. I was engaged previous to my *debut*; and I received what, at that time, was considered as a handsome salary. My benefit was flatteringly attended: the boxes were filled with persons of the very highest rank and fashion; and I looked forward with delight both to celebrity and to fortune.

At the end of six weeks I lost my infant. She expired in my arms in convulsions, and my distress was undescribable. On the day of its dissolution Mr. Sheridan called on me; the little sufferer was on my lap, and I was watching it with agonizing anxiety. Five months had then elapsed since Mr. Sheridan was first introduced to me; and though, during that period, I had seen many proofs of his exquisite sensibility, I never had witnessed one which so strongly impressed my mind as his countenance on entering my apartment: probably he has forgotten the feeling of the moment; but its impression will by me be remembered for ever.

I had not power to speak. All he uttered was, "Beautiful little creature!" at the same time looking on my infant, and sighing with a degree of sympathetic sorrow which penetrated my soul. Had I ever heard *such a sigh* from a husband's bosom? Alas! I never knew the sweet soothing solace of wedded sympathy; I never was beloved by him whom destiny allotted to be the legal ruler of my actions. I do not condemn Mr. Robinson; I but too well know that we cannot command our affections. I only lament that he did not observe some decency in his infidelities; and that while he gratified his *own* caprice, he forgot how much he exposed his *wife* to the most degrading mortifications.

The death of *Sophia* so deeply affected my spirits, that I was rendered totally incapable of appearing again that season. I therefore obtained Mr. Sheridan's permission to visit Bath for the recovery of my repose. From Bath I went to Bristol—to *Bristol!* Why does my pen seem suddenly arrested while I write the word? I know not why, but an undefinable melancholy always follows the idea of my native birthplace. I instantly beheld the Gothic structure, the lonely cloisters, the lofty aisles, of the antique Minster:—for, within a few short paces of its walls, this breast, which has never known *one year of happiness*, first palpitated on inhaling the air of this bad world! Is it within its consecrated precincts that this heart shall shortly moulder? Heaven only knows, and to its will I bow implicitly.

I transcribe this passage on the 29th of March, 1800. I feel my health decaying, my spirit broken. I look back without regret that so many of my days are numbered; and, were it in my power to choose, I would not wish to measure them again:—but whither am I wandering? I will resume my melancholy story.

Still restless, still perplexed with painful solitudes, I returned to London. I had not then, by many months, completed my nineteenth year. On my arrival I took lodgings in Leicester Square. Mr. Sheridan came to see me on my return to town, and communicated the melancholy fate of Mr. Thomas Lulcy, the late brother of Mrs. Sheridan: he was unfortunately drowned at the Duke of Ancaster's. In a few days after, Mr. Sheridan again made me a visit, with a proposal for an engagement to play during the summer at Mr. Colman's Theatre in the Haymarket. I

had refused several offers from provincial managers, and felt an almost insurmountable aversion to the idea of strolling. Mr. Sheridan nevertheless strongly recommended me to the acceptance of Mr. Colman's offer; and I at last agreed to it, upon condition that the characters I should be expected to perform were selected and limited: to this Mr. Colman readily consented.

The first part which was placed in the list was *Nancy Lovel*, in the comedy of the *Suicide*. I received the written character, and waited the rehearsal; but my astonishment was infinite, when I saw the name of Miss Farren* announced in the bills. I wrote a letter to Mr. Colman, requesting an explanation. He replied, that he had promised the part to Miss Farren, who had then performed one or two seasons at the Haymarket Theatre. I felt myself insulted. I insisted on Mr. Colman's fulfilling his engagement, or on giving me liberty to quit London: the latter he refused. I demanded to perform the part of *Nancy Lovel*. Mr. Colman was too partial to Miss Farren to hazard offending her. I refused to play till I had this first character, as by agreement, restored to me; and the summer passed without my once performing, though my salary was paid weekly and regularly.

During the following winter I performed, with increasing approbation, the following characters:—*Ophelia*, in *Hamlet*—*Viola*, in *Twelfth Night*—*Jacintha*, in *The Suspicious Husband*—*Fidelia*, in *The Plain Dealer*—*Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*—*Oriana*, in *The Inconstant*—*Octavia*, in *All for Love*—*Perdita*, in *The Winter's Tale*—*Palmira*, in *Mahomet*—*Cordelia*, in *King Lear*—*Alinda*, in *The Law of Lombardy*—*The Irish Widow*—*Araminta*, in *The Old Bachelor*—*Sir Harry Revel*, in *The Miniature Picture*—*Emily*, in *The Runaway*—*Miss Richley*, in *The Discovery*—*Statura*, in *Alexander the Great*—*Juliet*, in *Romeo and Juliet*—*Amanda*, in *The Trip to Scarborough*—*Lady Anne*, in *Richard the Third*—*Imogen*, in *Cymbeline*—*Lady Macbeth*, in *Macbeth*, &c. &c.

It was now that I began to know the perils attendant on a dramatic life. It was at this period that the most alluring temptations were held out to alienate me from the paths of domestic quiet—domestic happiness, I cannot say, for it never was my destiny to know it. But I had still the consolation of an unsullied name. I had the highest female patronage, a circle of the most respectable and partial friends.

During this period I was daily visited by my best of mothers: my youngest brother had, the preceding winter, departed for Leghorn, where my eldest had been many years established as a merchant of the first respectability.

Were I to mention the names of those who held forth the temptations of fortune at this moment of public peril, I might create some reproaches in many families of the fashionable world. Among others who offered most liberally to purchase my indiscretion, was the late Duke of Rutland: a settlement of six hundred pounds per annum was proposed as the means of estranging me entirely from my husband. I refused the offer. I wished to remain, in the eyes of the public, deserving of its patronage. I shall not enter into a minute detail of temptations which assailed my fortitude.

The flattering and zealous attentions which Mr. Sheridan evinced were strikingly contrasting with the marked and increasing neglect of my husband. I now found that he supported two women, in one house, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. The one was a figure-dancer at Drury Lane Theatre; the other, a woman of professed libertinism. With these he passed all his hours that he could steal from me; and I found that my salary was at times inadequate to the expenses which were incurred by an enlarged circle of new acquaintance, which Mr. Robinson had formed since my appearance in the dramatic scene. Added to this, the bond creditors became so clamorous, that the whole of my benefits were appropriated to their demands; and on the second year after my appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Robinson once more persuaded me to make a visit at Tregunter.

I was now received with more civility, and more warmly welcomed, than I had been on any former arrival. Though the *assumed sanctity* of Miss Robinson's manners condemned a dramatic life, the labour was deemed *profitable*, and the supposed immorality was consequently *tolerated*! However repugnant to my feelings this visit was, still I hoped that it would promote my husband's interest, and confirm his reconciliation to his father; I therefore resolved on undertaking it. I now felt that I could support myself honourably; and the consciousness of independence is the only true felicity in this world of humiliations.

Mr. Harris was now established in Tregunter House, and several parties were formed, both at home and abroad, for my amusement. I was consulted as the very oracle of fashions: I was gazed at and examined with the most inquisitive curiosity. Mrs. Robinson the promising young actress, was a very different personage from Mrs. Robinson who had been overwhelmed with sorrows, and came to ask an asylum under the roof of vulgar ostentation.—I remained only a fortnight in Wales, and then returned to London, to prepare for the opening of the theatre.

(To be continued in our next.)

* The late Countess of Derby.

Bonnets.—We observe that though the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* are decidedly fixed, there is a tendency to an increased width in the brims of the former. The close form for which we take the French name *capote*, is always adopted for the very early part of the morning, or what may be termed complete *négligé*, but it is also employed in dressy materials and trimmings for *demi toilette*. The prettiest of those worn later in the day are the pink or blue silk drawn bonnets covered with crape to correspond. A new style of trimming is coming more into vogue, we mean a long white ostrich feather, attached on one side of the *chapeau* by a Bengal rose. A new material has appeared for *chapeaux*, which is also used for dresses; it is called the *tissu Polka*. Another for *chapeaux* only, and very much in vogue for them, is the *gate Polka*. Some of the most elegant are of the colour of marshmallows. A few black lace *chapeaux*, over cherry-coloured crape, have appeared. Wreaths, though not exclusively employed, are more in use for trimming *chapeaux* and *capotes* than bouquets of flowers.

Shawls, Scarfs, Mantelets, &c.—The *polonaise*, when made and trimmed in good style is, perhaps, the most elegant, as it is one of the most expensive summer *pardessus*, but those imitations of it, we mean the short pelisses, as we suppose we must call them, that are made of very low-priced silks with paltry trimmings, are in the very worst taste. They are now so common that they must soon become unfashionable. *Mantelets* are also on the decline, though black silk ones continue to be adopted in complete *négligé*. Black lace scarf mantelets have lost nothing of their vogue. A novel *pardessus* has just appeared; it is composed of blue cashmere; a tight *corsage*, opening in front with a small collar and lappels bordered with black lace laid flat. Wide sleeves, descending only to the elbow, open and laced in front, and bordered with lace. The skirt does not reach quite to the knee. The extreme vogue of scarfs continues. Some very elegant shawls have recently appeared in China crape, embroidered in white silk, on a coloured ground; and several of cashmere, in new and striking patterns. There are also the embroidered muslin and lace ones that we cited last month. Lace is, indeed, in the highest vogue. We have recently seen some large shawls composed of the plain material on a wire ground, and trimmed with very broad black lace.

Robes, &c.—High *corsages* keep their ground, those opening to the waist are still in a majority, but it is one that appears to diminish daily. Although there is as yet no decided alteration in sleeves, and tight ones are certainly in a majority, we have reason to believe that demi-large sleeves will be introduced as the weather grows warmer.

Barege has come a good deal into favour both for the promenade and *demi toilette*, we mean the veritable barege, not the imitations of it, which are so extensively seen. Muslin, tarlatane, and *organdy*, are all fashionable in evening dress, but the first only is seen in out-door dress, and that as yet but seldom. There are nearly as many robes untrimmed as trimmed round the border; but if a garniture is adopted, it consists either of flounces cut in round scallops at the edge, or of tucks. Several evening robes are made with double skirts; the upper one is looped on the left side higher than the knee by a half wreath of flowers, or an ornament composed of ribbon.

Head Dress.—Although head-dresses of hair, decorated with flowers, are very numerous, we doubt if they are in a majority; for *demi coiffures* caps are still in great vogue. The most novel of the first are composed of ribbons disposed in *coques*, which either mingle with the hair, if it is in ringlets, or encircle the face, if the hair is in bands: ends of ribbon, always very broad and fringed, float at each side. White and pink gauze caps, trimmed with narrow *tulle* *ruches*, are a good deal in favour.



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

effect, that they were fain to get up in the middle of the night to feed him. Since this demonstration of physical force he has enjoyed his full meals on Sunday.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

RETRENCHMENTS IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—It has been customary for many years past for the whole of the domestics at Windsor Castle (who, while the Court is absent from Windsor, are placed on "board wages"), to receive on the anniversary of the birth of the Sovereign a gratuity each, in the shape of meat, bread, and beer, and also flour, plums, sugar, eggs, &c., as the necessary ingredients for the due concoction of a plum pudding; and the birth-day of the Sovereign has ever heretofore been looked forward to as a period for a little rejoicing and recreation amongst the domestics at the Royal residence at Windsor. The usual orders from the clerk of the kitchen's office, at Buckingham Palace, for the supply of the aforesaid meat, bread, flour, eggs, sugar, currants, &c., to the servants at the Castle, were received by the butchers, grocers, and bakers at Windsor, who made the necessary preparations accordingly for the due execution of the orders and the transmission of the "creature comforts" to the royal residence by an early hour. To the great disappointment, however, of the expectant recipients of the royal bounty, a special messenger arrived at Windsor from Mr. Norton, the present clerk comptroller of Her Majesty's kitchen, at a late hour, to countermand the previous orders which had been sent round to the respective tradesmen, and the goods packed up for delivery had to be re-emptied into their several canisters and drawers, and the meat and bread left on the hands of the butchers and bakers. Upon all former occasions of the anniversary of the birth-day of the Sovereign, the labourers in the royal gardens have been presented with a gratuity of five shillings in addition to half-a-day's holyday; in this case, however, they were deprived of their accustomed "Crown present," but the "half-holyday," we understand, was liberally given as heretofore.

STRANGE INSULT TO THE KING OF SAXONY.—It is with much sorrow that we state the following fact, for which, unfortunately, there cannot be the slightest doubt, as our informants are of the very highest class. Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, writing to Lady Carolina Maria Jones, from Pinlicko Palace, says, "My dearest love, only think! the very moment the Emperor of Russia arrived, he put the King of Saxony's nose out of joint!"

Dr. Bridgeman has been sent for. (*Morning Post*)—*Punch*.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

—The daily rations of Jack, the male elephant kept in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, and now about thirty years old, are a truss and a half of hay, 42lbs of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of 3lbs of boiled rice, a bushel of chaff, and half a bushel of bran, 10lbs of sea biscuit, a bundle of straw for his bed, weighing about 36lbs, which he usually eats by the morning, and 36 pails of water. Besides this he collects no small portion of savoury alms from the public. Formerly his allowance was larger, and he had oats and mangold-wurzel; but at that time Sunday was a day of fasting with him (as it is still to the *carnivori*), only broken by a slight morning meal. Some four or five years ago he determined to stand this hebdomadal privation no longer, and for two or three successive Sabbath nights he made such a disturbance that the keepers had small repose. Finding that this hint was not taken, he went a little further next time, and so bestirred himself that, like other agitators who have known how far to go, he carried his point: for he made an attack upon his den with such good will and

SCRAPS FOR THE LADIES.

WOMAN.—A SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

The day-god, sitting on his western throne,
 With all "his gorgeous company of clouds"—
 The gentle moon, that meekly disenshronds
 Her beauty, when the solar glare is gone—
 The myriad eyes of night—the pleasant tone
 Of truant rills, when o'er the pebbled ground
 Their silver voices tremble—the calm sound
 Of rustling leaves in noon-tide forests lone—
 The cheerful song of birds—the hum of bees—
 The zephyr's dance, that like the footing fine
 Of moon-light fays, scarce prints the glassy seas—
 Are all enchantments! But, oh! what are these,
 When music, poetry, and love combine,
 In Woman's voice and lineaments divine!

Attention to dress is perhaps the last remnant of vanity that clings to a woman. Misery and misfortune make men slovens. Though she be on her trial for her life, a woman will take care that her figure and her face are set off to the best advantage.

ORIGIN OF BUSTLES.—Bustles were originally invented by a female organ grinder, to accommodate her monkey with a place to ride!

"Women govern us; let us try to render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."—*Sheridan*.

TRYING FOR A HUSBAND.—"We walked in the direction of an old church, near Vera Cruz, where it is or was the custom for young ladies desirous of being married to throw a stone at the Saint, their fortune depending upon the stones hitting him, so that he is in a lapidated and dilapidated condition."—*Mad. Calderon di Barca's Life in Mexico*.

House flies may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison. Take half a spoonful of ground black pepper, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers
 That laugh to the summer's day.
 Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup or bell,
 In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
 Like a pearl in an ocean shell.
 To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
 In a golden current on,
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 The glorious guests were gone.
 So might the days have been brightly told—
 Those days of song and dreams—
 When Shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
 By the blue Arcadian streams.
 So in those isles of delight that rest
 Far off in a breezeless main,
 Which many a barque, with a weary quest,
 Hath sought, but still in vain.
 Yet is not life, in its real flight,
 Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
 By the closing of one hope's delight,
 And another's gentle birth?
 Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
 Shutting in turn, may leave
 A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
 A charm for the shaded eve.

A dancer said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan; "but any goose can."

Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—The deaths of the Count and Countess de Noailles were preceded by extraordinary and interesting circumstances. They were cousins, and both previous to their marriage bore the same name. Being brought up together, they became attached to each other from their infancy, but as the constitution of each was so feeble as to indicate premature death, their parents long opposed their union. At last,

however, from their own earnest entreaties, their marriage was consented to and solemnized. Their maladies rapidly increased. The Countess could not bear the least degree of cold, and her physicians ordered that her apartments should always be kept at a certain height of temperature. The Count, on the contrary, required to be in a fresh and cool atmosphere. They consequently seemed to be doomed to an eternal separation even in this life. That, however, they might at least see each other, they were placed in rooms adjoining, the partition between which was plate-glass, through which they were able to communicate, but my looks and signs alone. Not more than one year elapsed between their wedding and their funerals.—*Galignani*.

OPINIONS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Napoleon was as fairly beaten at Waterloo as Hannibal was at Zama. When Sir Walter Scott was at Paris (1815), he was permitted to ask, and he did ask, the following questions, at his Grace's table, relating to Waterloo; and I repeat them as Sir Walter detailed them to me at my own: "Suppose, your Grace, Blucher had not come up?" The Duke replied, "I could have kept my ground till next morning." Suppose Grouchy had come first?" "Blucher would have been close behind him." "But let us suppose your Grace had been compelled to retreat?" "I could have taken a position in the forest of Soignies, and defied all till the allies joined." "Was there any part of the day your Grace despaired?" "Never!" was the reply. This is the reply of the first in command. In 1833 the writer of this letter dined at Lord Palmerston's; on his right sat Lord Hill. As his Lordship lived near the author, he offered to set him down. When alone in the carriage with Lord Hill, remembering what Sir Walter had affirmed of the Duke's confidence, he said, "Was there any part of the day at Waterloo, my Lord, you ever desponded as to the result?" "Desponded?" replied Lord Hill, "Never! There never was the least panic; we had gained rather than lost ground by the evening. No, there was not a moment I had the least doubt of the result." Thus, here are given, from authentic sources, the opinions of the first and second in command; and even in the French army this ought to be something.—*United Service Magazine*.

AFFECTION.

Oh, could we but see how the heartstrings entwine
 Round the being they love, round whose life they have grown,
 What hand could e'er break that affection divine
 Or forget others' feelings in seeking its own:
 Too frequent is "self" but the object we seek,
 And careless of others, our pleasures select:
 And, ah! often because the poor flowret is weak,
 We wound the affection we ought to protect.
 Yet unmanly the heart and unworthy the name
 That could trifle with feelings thus holy and pure;
 But the falsar the fires on love's altar that flame,
 The darker the sorrows its vot'ries endure,
 Let our feelings unbiass'd their sentiments speak,
 And the world and its sordid inducements reject,
 Nor aim at advantage which injures the weak,
 Nor wound the affection we ought to protect.

PEDESTRIAN INTELLIGENCE.—A grand running match came off the other day between the HON. CAPTAIN DOO and the Fetter Lane Pet, commonly known as *Muster Levy*. The Captain had the lead at starting, and went away at a capital pace, with the Pet close upon his heels along the Strand. *Levy* was now evidently gaining the advantage, when the Captain mended his pace till he got into the Precincts of the Savoy; and the Pet, having referred to a slip of parchment in his hand, at once abandoned the contest.—*Punch*.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.—Sir H. Hardinge, the son of the Rector of Stanhope, in Durham, a gentleman of ancient family, was born on the 30th of March, 1785, and is now, therefore, fifty-nine years of age. He entered the army when a boy, being an ensign, nominally, at fourteen, and really at fifteen; at seventeen, he was a lieutenant; at nineteen, a captain; a major, at twenty-four; a lieutenant-colonel, at twenty-six; a colonel, by brevet, at thirty-six; a major, at forty-six; and a lieutenant-general, at fifty-six. During this course of service, he saw much hard fighting; was in the act of speaking to Sir John Moore, when that gallant officer fell; was himself frequently wounded during the war in Spain; and lost an arm in the decisive campaign of 1815. At the close of the war (before he had completed his thirtieth year) he was created a knight commander of the bath. In 1821, he married a daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry, and sister of the too celebrated Lord Castlereagh, by whom he has two sons and two daughters. In 1823, he became Clerk of the Ordnance; 1828, Secretary at War; 1830, Joint Secretary. His speeches in Parliament are not brilliant, nor even clear; and his information is chiefly confined to subjects connected with the army. He is a man, however, of sound and ready judgment, and is much respected in society.

PRESIDENT D'ALBI, A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (*Concluded from our last*). "As soon as the trial commenced, M. d'Albi repaired to the town to follow up the prosecution. The Catalonian—convicted of the assassination of François—was condemned, and the President made arrangements for his departure. During the trial, which lasted several days, he went to his estate every night, and returned to town in the morning; but as this was the eve of his departure for Toulouse, he remained at the Hôtel de la Poste.

"He had not his dog with him this night, Castor having followed the servant. M. d'Albi was altogether alone in his chamber, when the apparition stood again before him! This time, indeed, he was less frightened—habit is every thing. It is probable, however, that the President would willingly have dispensed with the dead man's gratitude. 'You have had me honoured,' said the apparition, 'with Christian burial; through you I have obtained justice on my enemy. What can I do to recompense you for this service?' M. d'Albi, in his dream, asked him to inform him of the day on which he would die. The vision promised it, and disappeared.

"Since this new episode, which was not known for some time after, the President's manner changed; he became gloomy, pensive and absent; never hinting to his wife nor his dearest friends the cause of this change. His affairs were never more prosperous, and he felt that he would have been the happiest of men, but for the want of confidence which he betrayed in not imparting this secret to his wife, by whom he was loved to excess.

"Every effort to draw forth the President proved ineffectual; he persisted in maintaining that they were mistaken, that he was always the same, and that age brings gravity of manner and a reflective disposition. His habits remained unchanged, only it was remarked that he seldom went to his estate, and never slept at the Hôtel de la Poste. But the family which had charge of the hotel, and his own servant, were the only persons who remarked this.

"Ten or twelve years had now elapsed: M. d'Albi had in a great measure resumed his wonted serenity; as the interval increased, his melancholy impressions had gradually disappeared; when one night, being in a profound sleep, one of his old dreams returned, and François, the innkeeper, stood before him! He approached him, covered with his shroud. 'You wished to know when your last hour shall arrive,' said he to him, with a sepulchral voice. The vision extended its bony arm to the clock; and placing its finger on the point of midnight, exclaimed, 'In one month, and at the same hour!'

"The President violently pulled the bell which was placed at the head of his bed. His domestics found him in a state of great mental excitement, repeating incoherent words, which nobody understood; his physician was sent for immediately, who after having administered to him a narcotic draught ordered him a warm bath. For several days the President was either delirious or in a state of deplorable dejection. At length he became gradually more calm; and having completely recovered his senses, requested his wife to leave him alone with his brother-in-law, a man of strong mind and sound judgment, whom he wished to consult.

"When every one had retired, he related to him, with the most scrupulous minuteness of detail, all that I have just told you. You may very easily conceive that his brother-in-law was not a little surprised at this strange revelation, and concluded that the President's mind was affected with a species of monomania. But everything was related with the utmost precision, the circumstances minutely detailed, and the witnesses of the material fact were still living; besides M. d'Albi was not a weak-minded man. Since that strange event had happened, he had, upon numerous occasions, manifested his excellent judgment in the capacity of a magistrate; but a fixed idea upon this point might have tormented his imagination, and his brother was at a loss what arguments to employ to convince a man so strangely infatuated.

"'If you take my advice,' said he, 'you will consult our pastor upon the matter; he is your spiritual director and the director of your family; he is besides a man of merit, and an enlightened guide.' M. d'Albi approved of his counsel, and sent to request the clergyman's attendance. He related to him, word for word, all the circumstances of the apparition; and asked his opinion on the matter. The pastor equally embarrassed as M. d'Albi's brother-in-law, began to suspect a diseased mind in a sound body; for with the exception of this nervous crisis, his health was in no way altered—his mind alone was affected.

"'The Divinity,' said the pastor to him, 'may manifest himself to us in various ways; his miracles daily present themselves to our eyes. It seldom happens, notwithstanding, that the dead quit their tombs to communicate with living men; but being strongly impressed with this idea, it would be prudent for you to approach the sacraments, and put your affairs in order. We must prevent this matter from making a noise, it might alarm the minds of the people, and give rise to a hundred ridiculous stories.

"'You should not persist in concealing the circumstance from your wife, who is a woman of great fortitude and austere piety; but let it be kept a secret from your children.'

"The clergyman, brother-in-law, and physician, took all the precaution which prudence recommended, in imparting all the circumstances to his wife, who, in common with them, attributed it to a diseased mind.

"The physician, though of the same opinion as a professional man, thought that an imagination so violently excited, might be attended with very serious consequences to the President's health and reason. He recommended, above all things, a variety of engaging pursuits, and that he should be constantly watched—never allowed to remain alone, or abandoned to his own thoughts.

"As the appointed hour approached, the President became more pensive and gloomy. But, what was extraordinary, his health did not appear at all affected, which his friends would often remark to him; they even sometimes joked on the infallibility of his prediction. The President was a man of much strength of mind, and having arranged all his affairs, awaited the fatal hour with great apparent calmness.

The eve of the predicted day had now arrived; the President never enjoyed better health. His wife and friends began to reckon with confidence on his recovery. But from a feeling of superstitious fear, they not only resolved to change the hour of all the watches and clocks in the house, but they easily obtained permission to make all the clocks within the hearing of the President's hotel strike twelve at the hour of eleven. The family gave on that day a grand supper, to which all their intimate friends, the clergyman, and the physician, were invited. M. d'Albi was distressingly agitated; every moment he looked at the clock. They laughed at him, and endeavoured to make him, as well as the guests, merry by a plentiful outpouring of champagne. The pastor himself wore an air of extraordinary good humour to encourage him. In fine, the hands of all the clocks and watches indicated 'twelve!'

"By a singular chance, which no one thought of at that moment, the *pendule* in the President's chamber had not been advanced. The town clocks having all sounded the hour, the glasses were filled, and every one rose to drink the President's health. He joined in this compliment with an excellent grace, having quite resumed his serenity. The champagne had inspired him with new life. He sustained with great gaiety the pleasantries which were addressed to him, and even improvised a pretty quatrain upon the interest which he had inspired. This led the company naturally to speak of M. d'Albi's poetical talent, which he had neglected for some years; and the President could not refrain from entertaining his guests with a little poem, which he had composed upon his mental malady, and which they importuned him to favour them with a sight of. M. d'Albi said, that he must go to his dressing-room, as no one else but himself could find it. He took a light, and proceeded towards his apartment. All of a sudden, a pistol-shot was heard. The President's valet-de-chambre had just forced open his master's *secrétaire*, for the purpose of robbing him. Surprised in the act, he seized a pistol which lay at his hand, and blew out his master's brains. Midnight sounded at that instant by the clock in the President's chamber.

A LONG SLEEP.—Madame de Stael could not endure a bore. There was at Geneva a person of this class, not inaptly named Professor Dragg, who, in spite of her, would occasionally succeed in bestowing all his tediousness upon her. One evening she had a party at her house (among whom was Dumont, well known as the friend and correspondent of Sir Samuel Romilly), when in walked the very learned and much-dreaded Professor. Seizing the opportunity of the very first lull in the conversation, he took from his pocket a huge manuscript, and, without the slightest provocation, proceeded to inflict the reading of it upon the company. Signs of impatience and weariness were soon manifest upon every countenance. Dumont was soon set fast asleep by the combined dulness of the Professor's matter, and his monotonous, drawing, manner of reading. As for poor Madame de Stael, she, being in her own house, was compelled to submit, with the best grace she could, to the agonies of this unmerciful course of bore-ism. Matters had gone on in this way for half-an-hour—and what a half-hour!—when Dumont suddenly awoke, and rubbing his eyes, apologetically exclaimed, "I hope I have not been asleep long?" "My dear Dumont," cried Madame de Stael, "according to my computation of the time, you have been asleep during two entire centuries!" Dragg took the hint and his leave at the same time.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Old clerks keep steady; young ones look up, for a rise. The Derby being over, much attention is now paid to the settlement of the Ledger, and gents proceed to balance their books. Should rain fall, horses will do the same on wood pavements, cabs have a run, and slippers be plentiful. Umbrellas will probably go up and the owners down.

Peas and Beans remain the same as last month, in consequence of the cold winds having checked their growth.

The supply of Oats was very short at Epsom, but chaff was exceedingly abundant.

A scanty stock of Irish Lincen has produced a serious effect on the Stocks, which were worn short at the commencement of the week, but gave way to "Albert Ties," with a considerable fall at a more advanced period.

DOMENICO MATTEO; or, the Doom of the Brigand.—As you sail along the shore of the Lake of Como, between the celebrated islet Comacina and the delicious Tremezzinas, you see stretching out into the water, the promontory of Lovedo, on the side of which, half-way down, stands the village of Campo; on the other, that of Lenno.

At the period of the events which we are about to narrate, the headland between these villages had been for two years the abode of an outlaw, who, to escape the prison and the cords had fled from his own country, and assuming the garb of a Franciscan, and the name of Fra Nicola, had made his way to this retreat. Here, to all external show, his life had been such, that he had earned for himself the esteem, nay the veneration of his rustic neighbours. And who, indeed, would not have deemed him worthy of admiration? Was not his lamp ever burning before the image of the Holy Virgin, that was painted on the wall of his little half-ruined chapel on the crest of the promontory? When the villagers revisited his hermitage, was he not ever found engaged in prayer, or making chaplets or amulets, or certain little cakes, that were held in great esteem by the devotees, who, indeed, regarded them as almost sacred, coming from his hands, and as an infallible cure for all sorts of maladies?

Close to the little chapel, the worthy Franciscan, with the willing aid of the villagers, had raised a lowly straw-thatched hermitage. A stool, a table, and a truckle-bed, constituted its modest furniture; the other appurtenances being a crucifix, a human skull, a shepherd's ponch, a hair shirt, and some images stuck up against the walls round a great daub of a picture, representing St. Anthony with his pig, terribly tormented by a host of devils. Against the further corner of the room, more out of sight, negligently leant a long-barrelled gun, a somewhat incongruous addition it may seem, but which was even too necessary in those days, in the most peaceful dwellings.

It was really edifying to hear the holy father expatiate upon the joys and beauty of faith and piety; to listen to the tales he had ever ready for each man's case, of miraculous cures which his panaceas had effected; to see him giving forth, with a profound gravity, his cakes and his medicinal herbs, for toothachs and head-aches, and aches of every sort; to hear him exorcising witches and sorcerers, and blight, and noxious insects, with one unvarying formula, of five or six barbarous Latin words he had picked up; or blessing women in childbed, or new-born infants, or dying men, with the same formula said backwards. These tricks brought him in a plentiful supply of the best wine, and the best provisions, the country people could command, though the good man never accepted any of these good gifts without a pious groan at the necessity which his weakened health, poor sufferer, imposed upon him, of breaking the strict fast which he had vowed to blessed St. Anthony.

But when night came on, how different a part did Father Nicola assume! The fierce, restless eyes, which all day he had kept fixed upon the ground lest they should give the lie to the lowly humility, it had been his difficult task to wear the semblance of, now glared around, terrible with ferocious pride and daring. No sooner had the disappearance of the last light in the villages beneath, freed him from the risk of observation, than the friar's robe was cast aside, and the bandit arraying himself, from a secret recess, in a garb more suitable to his taste and to his work in hand, would sally forth to join his band of fellow-marauders.

On the night of the 7th May, 1820, Fra Nicola, with seven associates, all armed to the teeth, descended to the waterside, and embarking in a large boat, the property of one of the band, who ostensibly followed the occupation of a fisherman, pulled lustily in the direction of Como. And now, in the tall, powerful, muscular man who guided the helm, who would have recognized Fra Nicola? Here he became himself again! here his comrades knew him for the famous freebooter, Domenico Matteo di Brienzo. The native of a village in Switzerland, he had fled from his native country to avoid the consequences of his crimes; and taking refuge in this part of Italy, he had collected around him a band of worthies of his own stamp, with whom each night he committed the most horrible excesses. Churches and houses, nay, whole villages, plundered and burnt, mothers and maidens entrapped, whole families massacred, deeds such as these, everywhere attested the fearful presence of a pitiless band, but the perpetrators each disbanding, and retiring at early dawn, Fra Nicola to his hermitage, the rest to their cottages where they passed as fishermen, foresters, or husbandmen, had hitherto remained undiscovered.

When the boat arrived opposite Argento, the leader, with a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Tis just here, I saw fall at my very feet, poor Pelosino da Sala, the best and bravest comrade ever man had. The ball that finished him whizzed close by my ear; my curse upon the hand that fired it! Poor da Sala! He fell into the water just like lead, and we could never hear any thing of his body. My uncle, too, old Gianni Brinzio, a fellow that fear never found at home, he had his brains dashed out at the same time, by those accursed Tornese. The bullet passed as near me as I am to thee, Isidore. It seems only yesterday he fell back into the boat—'twas the very boat we're in now—gasping out, 'I die! be it thy task to avenge me!' and so, by all the devils, I will. Often, in my dreams,

he appears before me, pale, ghastly, dying, as I then saw him, and demands, in a hollow voice, 'Revenge! Revenge!'" Moved at these recollections, the rough brigand, taking off his broad-brimmed felt hat, began to chaunt, as much as his memory would supply him with of *De Profundis*, in behalf of the souls of the departed worthies, whom he had been commemorating, and his comrades joined in with a somewhat imperfect chorus.

At length the party arrived opposite Torno, but although the night was far advanced, the little town, from one end to the other, was lighted up with infinite torches, lanterns, and bonfires, whose reflections shed glittering reflections far over the rippling waters of the lake, presenting a charming contrast with the surrounding darkness. The bells were ringing merrily, and every now and then there arose above the confusion, shouts of—"Long live the fair Cecilia de Palanzo!" "Long live our gallant captain Gualtiero!" An expression of hatred and jealous rage came over the face of the bandit chief, as these sounds reached his ear; for they told him of the happiness of the rival who had triumphed over him, of the woman who had scorned him. Seeing Cecilia, he had loved her with all the fierce ardour of his nature; loving her, he had dared to seek her, and to declare his passion. He had been repulsed, as might have been expected, with contempt and indignation; and vengeance then took possession of his soul. He had now come to execute it.

The rowers rested from their labours, and a signal having been given by the discharge of a pistol, there appeared gliding over the water, an object, which emerging from an inlet on the other side of the town, and growing gradually more and more distinct, at length, on near approach, assumed the form of a small skiff, guided by a single rower.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed Domenico; "Is it thou, Grabelo da Porlezza?"

"The same," replied the new comer, attaching his skiff to the larger boat. "The night is our own, every thing is arranged. The fisherman Ambrogio is ready at his post, and the moment the signal is given, he and his party will fire several volleys, in the way you spoke of."

The plan of the marauders was to alarm the Tornese by a feigned attack upon the quarter of the town, exactly opposite to that in which the festivities were proceeding, so as to divert thence Gualtiero and the other fighting men, and give Domenico an opportunity of executing his project without interruption. The cottage of Ambrogio stood at some two hundred paces out of the town, on the road to Como, so that he and his associates having fired off two or three volleys under the walls, could easily retire undiscovered, on the first indication of the approach of the townspeople.

Meantime, in the house of the bridegroom, all was festive joy and happiness. In the court-yard, facing the lake, was arranged a long table, laden with an abundant banquet, at which were seated forty or fifty guests of the humbler sort. From the centre of the table, rose a pyramid of wax torches, which lit up every corner of the place, and threw a long stream of radiance over the lake. In an upper apartment were assembled the visitors of higher rank, comprising all the notables of Torno, and of its neighbour and ally, Lario; for in those unhappy times of intestine dissension, each little community had its allies and its enemies. The bride, timid, as all young brides are, or should be, on their marriage day, sat blushing and confused amongst the glittering throng, conscious that all eyes were ever and anon upon her, as the centre of attraction.

But in the very midst of this buoyant and open-hearted felicity, treachery was at work. Attired as a domestic of one of the guests, Grabelo had found ready access, and unobserved by any of the happy party, had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the house, the distribution of its apartments, the direction of its passages, its exits and its entrances; and having acquired all the information so necessary to his master's purpose, he quitted the place as the clock struck twenty-three*, and proceeded, as we have seen, to communicate the intelligence he had gained to Domenico.

At midnight the various guests took their leave, and to the confusion which had but just prevailed, succeeded the solemn tranquillity of night: the lights were extinguished, the pyramids of which we have spoken perished in a magnificent display of fireworks, and then darkness assumed her sway. The new married pair, far from anticipating the storm that was about to burst upon them, retired to the nuptial chamber, and the blushing Cecilia found herself for the first time, alone with the beloved one, to whom, as yet, she had never spoken, but in the presence of her mother.

Upon learning from Grabelo the exact position of affairs, Domenico had ordered his men to pull into a little creek between La Pliniana and the town, where, in profound silence, they watched the departure of the bridal visitors. When all was in repose, the bandit chief discharged his carbine, and the signal was immediately obeyed by Ambrogio and his party, at the other extremity of the town; and, as had been anticipated, the alarm of an assault flew in every direction. The Tornese leaped from

* The Italians count the whole of the twenty-four hours throughout. Twenty-three o'clock would thus be the hour preceding midnight.

the beds they had but just sought, and, half dressed, rushed along the various streets to the Grand Square. There, amidst a confusion of cries—"The Swiss!"—"The Spaniards!"—"Francesco Morone of Lecco!"—"No, 'tis the Comese!"—the stronger and braver among the men rallied round their young leader, who had rushed to the succour of his people at the first alarm, and, some armed with swords, others with guns, others with pikes, others with scythes merely, marched towards the Comese Gate, where, according to the prevalent impression, the supposed attack had to be resisted. Grabelo, who had been watching the progress of affairs, no sooner saw them depart, than he hastened to Domenico, whom he met advancing with his band, altogether free from interruption, or even observation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE VESTED RIGHTS.—It having been rumoured that Sir James Graham intended to follow up his determination of putting down the harmless recreations of *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, *under-seven-and-over-seven*, stick-throwing, turning for nuts, and other manly and athletic sports, practised times out of mind at Epsom, Doncaster, and other places, — a deputation of gentlemen, peculiarly interested in the matter, waited on the Home Secretary on Monday last, to learn his final purpose respecting Ascot. Sir James received the deputation with his customary urbanity, whilst the various speakers delivered themselves.

Mr. Slippery spoke first. He had, he said, under the implied acquiescence of government, invested his whole fortune in a deal table, three thimbles, and a pint of peas; and he put it to the Right Honourable Secretary, if his profession — his means of bread — should be thus arbitrarily destroyed, whether he (Mr. Slippery) ought not to be remunerated by the State? He looked upon the masculine game of pea and thimble as a time-hallowed pastime. Queen Elizabeth had played at it. It had also received the sanction of the illustrious House of Brunswick; for he — a humble individual — had had in his day the honour of winning ten sovereigns, at his own deal table, from Prince George of Cambridge.

Mr. Longnail followed. He had grown gray and venerable at thimble-rigging. The flower and bloom of the aristocracy, by participating in the sport, had, as he humbly conceived, sanctioned it. He had known the Duke of Richmond play at it as a boy, and a capital player he was. When every body else lost, his Grace — by the force of superior genius — generally contrived to get off with money in his pocket.

Here Sir James Graham begged that the speaker would avoid all personalities, and strictly confine himself to the object of his visit.

Mr. Longnail continued. Trusting that the government would never break faith with him, he had recently taken a handsome mansion on a long lease at Brighton, for the benefit of the sea air. The least that government, under the worst circumstances, could do, would be to pay the rent for him.

Mrs. Pandora said, that for five-and-thirty years she had visited races with the Lucky Bag. She might be wrong, but she thought that once the Right Honourable Secretary himself had patronized her, having, with his usual good fortune, drawn a very handsome mug, with "Sweet Home" in gold letters upon it. (Here Sir James dissenting, shook his head.) Well, she might be wrong; but it was just such another nice, good-tempered looking gentleman. Having every trust in government, she had, on her vested interests in the Lucky Bag, put her daughters, Calista and Arabella, to school at Dunkirk. Let the Lucky Bag be abolished, and she would like to know who was to pay for them? She would also like to know what would be safe? Put down the Lucky Bag, and in six months she wouldn't give two pence for the bag of the Lord Chancellor.

Will Walnndye (a gentleman of the gipsy persuasion) said that for twenty years he had rented a piece of ground at Epsom and Ascot for the throwing of sticks at knives, snuff-boxes, needle-cases and other jewellery. He looked upon these sticks to have as good a right to their places as Her Majesty's Ministers had to theirs; to be plain, he didn't see a bit of difference between 'em. He had heard something about some Six Clerks in Chancery-lane; how that they had sacked a lot of money, because they shouldn't be disturbed in what was called their domestic relations. Well, trusting to the faith of government, he hadn't long ago married three wives — how could he provide for 'em as they deserved, if government didn't leave a stick in his hand? Why wasn't his domestic relations to be considered as well as those of the Six Clerks?

Here Mr. Twirl, a small, meek-mannered man, begged to ask the Right Hon. Secretary if he intended to abolish the round-about?

Sir James Graham, putting his hand upon his heart, said that he had no such intention. On the contrary, his whole political life would show his devotion to the round-about.

At this stage of the proceedings, several gentlemen — distinguished owners of *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, and hazard tables — began to speak at once, whereupon Sir James hastily rose, looked at his watch, and observed, that having giving every attention to the various arguments adduced, his determination was unalterable.

Hereupon the deputation was shown the door. Gaining the street, the whole body called six safety-cabs, and immediately drove to the house of

the Duke of Richmond, who in the blandest manner assured the deputation that he would immediately bring their case before Parliament, and most certainly protect their vested interests by means of a short bill.

This assurance seemed to give some satisfaction to the deputation; nevertheless, several of them, shaking their heads, observed, "that them Six Clerks in Chancery-lane was lucky chaps." — *Punch*.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Rains fall; suns shine; winds flee;
Brooks run; yet few know how,
Do not thou too deeply search
Why thou lov'st me now!

Perhaps, by some command
Sent earthward from above,
Thy heart was doomed to lean on mine;
Mine to enjoy thy love.

Why ask, when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams
By tracing their source too well.

SLEEP may be defined as that state intermediate to life and death. The mental functions become fatigued by long-continued action, and the natural remedy for that fatigue is sleep.

"The innocent sleep—

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath—
Balm of hurt minds."

Sleep may be induced by many causes; such as swinging, by heat or cold, the murmuring of a stream, the ticking of a clock, and any other monotonous sound. Boerhaave prescribed for a patient on whom narcotics had no effect, the dropping of water on a brass pan: this lulled the individual to sleep. Bichat divided life into organic and animal; the first performing those functions which nourish and sustain the body, the second making the animal a sentient being. He considered the first went on, and that the second was suspended in sleep. It is probable that in sound sleep it is so; but in the state of slumber, or when the sleep is not very profound, we may hear and feel, and the impressions thus caught often form the basis of dreams, by that mysterious power of association which the minutest object may bring into action. All animals sleep; in man much depends on habit; it may be kept off a considerable time by stimulants. It is said that Voltaire formed a club, the members of which were to do without sleep; they kept themselves awake for several days and nights by means of strong tea and other stimulants; but they were beaten at last, and were obliged to sink into the arms of that very friend they had treated as an enemy. Napoleon, General Elliot, Frederick the Great, and the illustrious surgeon John Hunter, may be mentioned as a few among the many who did with the smallest quantity of sleep necessary for recruiting exhausted strength; on the other hand, Parr slept away three parts of his life, and De Moivre five-sixths of it.

A DILIGENT PRELATE.—It was nobly said by Bishop Cumberland, to a physician who advised him, for the sake of his health, to relax somewhat from the severe duties of his office! "Sir, I had rather wear out than rust out."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

GRAND NATIONAL ISSUE OF MR. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF THE
DEATH OF LORD NELSON,
FOR ONE SHILLING,

Originally cost 2000 Guineas engraving, and published at Two GUINEAS.

The Proprietors of the GUIDE TO LIFE beg leave to inform their Subscribers that, as they are desirous of affording to all classes an opportunity of possessing the above MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING, it is their intention shortly to release them from their compulsory engagement of holding Twenty-six Tickets, by a general distribution of the Plate at the incredible low price of ONE SHILLING, with an Outline Key, price 6d., same size as the Plate. The Proprietors are induced to adopt this mode from the immense number of new Subscribers, being unable to obtain the earlier consecutive Tickets, whereby they will be deprived of their intended gift. The Proprietors, by foregoing the plan of Subscription, and presenting the Plate for ONE SHILLING, with an Outline Key for 6d. hope thereby to give universal satisfaction. The day of issue will shortly be announced.

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